but the pressure on McCoy's arm did not increase. "Now I say that I can find the fire in even this alleysweeping. And he shall submit to me"

There was open laughter now, at McCoy's ineffectual struggles, and he had just enough wits left under a scalding wave of embarrassment, to play up to it. He tried to squirm out of Arain's hold. He felt Spock's total concentration, fire reined in, and his recognition and love for Kirk's flair for the dramatic, that elemental urge to play-act, improvise, find a way to win in a no-win situation and it was winning, at least a moment of breathing space. Avid looks followed Arain's agressive actions. He was playing to them, exaggerating each motion, showing them his body freely, as he had not before.

He released McCoy's arm, but quelled any attempt to escape with a stamp of his foot next to McCoy's face. He stood in profile to the audience, arrogantly stroking his cock, licking his lips over the prone body before him, a perfecty mockery of his masters and his own situation, and they roared their approval.

Conflicting emotions clashed through McCoy--gratitude, shame, real fear that Arain would take him, and a reckless willingness to do even that if it would save them. Spock's fire was prickling through his veins again as he watched Arain's chest lift with a deep inhalation as he milked his cock, thought--I've never seen it done without shame, how beautiful. It looked as smooth as satin, and without thought, McCoy pulled himself up, his hands on Arain's thighs, lips parted....

Arian stepped away, luring him to follow on his knees, then came to meet him, thrust toward his mouth and then swerved aside so that his cock grazed McCoy's cheek.

"Clumsy," declared Arain. "What did you teach the slave--to stick it in his ear?" They laughed again. Short of actually torturing a helpless captive, mocking one was right in tune with Romulan humor. Arain pulled him to his feet, led him to the front of the stage. For a moment he met McCoy's eyes, and there was something there--perhaps only a warning to obey. "On your knees, slave, let's start with the basics. First you have to get it up."

Good luck, thought McCoy savagely as he knelt with his knees wide and shriveled under the direct stare of twenty veteran Romulan warriors, but Arain was kneeling with him, and his firm grip at the base of his cock effectively cut off any response if he'd been able to summon it. Arain's own cock was poking between his ribs and arm, over his shoulder, past his ear as he kept his perfect body in a state of constant motion. He tried blowing on McCoy's cock, bouncing his balls, and pantomimed strenuous prostate massage without penetration until the audience had laughed themselves out.

But Arain knew how to hold them.

"Poor slave," he sighed. "I guess there's only one infallible cure--" His hands were gentle as he pushed McCoy down on the very edge of the bed. "I will favor you, slave, with what my masters do not always care to risk." The audience had gone silent as he positioned McCoy with one leg raised bracing him, one trailing off the edge. He was stroking the back of McCoy's raised thigh, watching the little tremors of half-fearful response shudder across McCoy's belly. He traced McCoy's eyebrow and then his ear with a questioning finger, trailed his hand down to the coppery nipples in the salt and pepper mat of hair on his chest. He bent his head and trailed his own long hair down McCoy's torso and let it tickle his sex, then turned to kiss the inside of his thigh. An icy electricity prickled through McCoy's veins and settled in his belly. This was the Captain of the Enterprise, he couldn't--and then Arain's lips moved against his balls, and Spock's fire surged through the link to meet those lips. McCoy groaned as his cock lifted toward the sweet promise of Arain's mouth.

Arain swept his hair back and looked once at McCoy's face, and once at the audience. Delicately he began, letting them see the flick of his tongue against the head of McCoy's penis, the long, slow strokes, the swirl around the crown. Like a cat, he rubbed his face against McCoy's cock, his balls, his thighs, slowly, showing them what they could never command, under any threat, with safety.

McCoy was awash with sensation, in spite of the eyes, in spite of Spock in his mind, or because of them. Wave after electric wave of pleasure washed through his body and returned to center in his cock as Arain began a liquid stroking that tugged at his innermost being. Positioned as he was, McCoy couldn't thrust, and he struggled for freedom which Arain wouldn't grant. He pulled his right hand free and slid it between Arain's thighs until his thumb brushed the underside of Arain's balls, guarded by springy curls, and his fingers rested flat against the cleft in his ass. The satin skin flexed to the clench of muscle there.

"Please," McCoy begged, "Please--" He had to have more, give more, had to be in Arain, have Arain in his mouth, possess that satin and steel. He fought with new strength, rolled them over, struggled to his hands and knees and found the silken, horn-hard, pulsing shaft and went to it like his mother's breast, sucking, sucking, taking more and more until it filled his throat and cut off his breath. He never wanted to stop, but when Arain pulled free, turned and offered his mouth, that was what he wanted, burning, bruising kisses, tongues dueling, thighs entwined, cocks trapped between their bellies, Arain's strong hands pulling him closer. Someone was sobbing it is he, it is he, and and ugly demanding roar from the dark wanted to be heard, was heard in a crack and searing stripe across his inner vision, again, harder, intrusive. It was a lash and they were being whipped apart like dogs.

"Let us see. Chain them. More light." It was a Romulan clamour and Arain was being dragged from him while they both fought. Chains were being fastened to the golden bands on his wrists, to the iron rings on the bed, so that he had freedom to move, but could not turn away from the audience McCoy fought senselessly, unable to believe his strength wasn't enough. The flames of his desire fought to become real flames. If they wanted more light, he would give it to them, and the torches flared unnoticed as they leaned forward to stare at his mate. Mate. Not his. Spock, don't. But the slaves were releasing him, and he was free to go to his mate. His mate writhing in his bonds, begging for his touch.

"Release me, lord, and I will cleanse your honor with my life."

His power, his right. Taaz Avine, freely given. Let them look, then, fill all their mirrors with this union. That white body was his to possess and he had fire enough to fill the world.